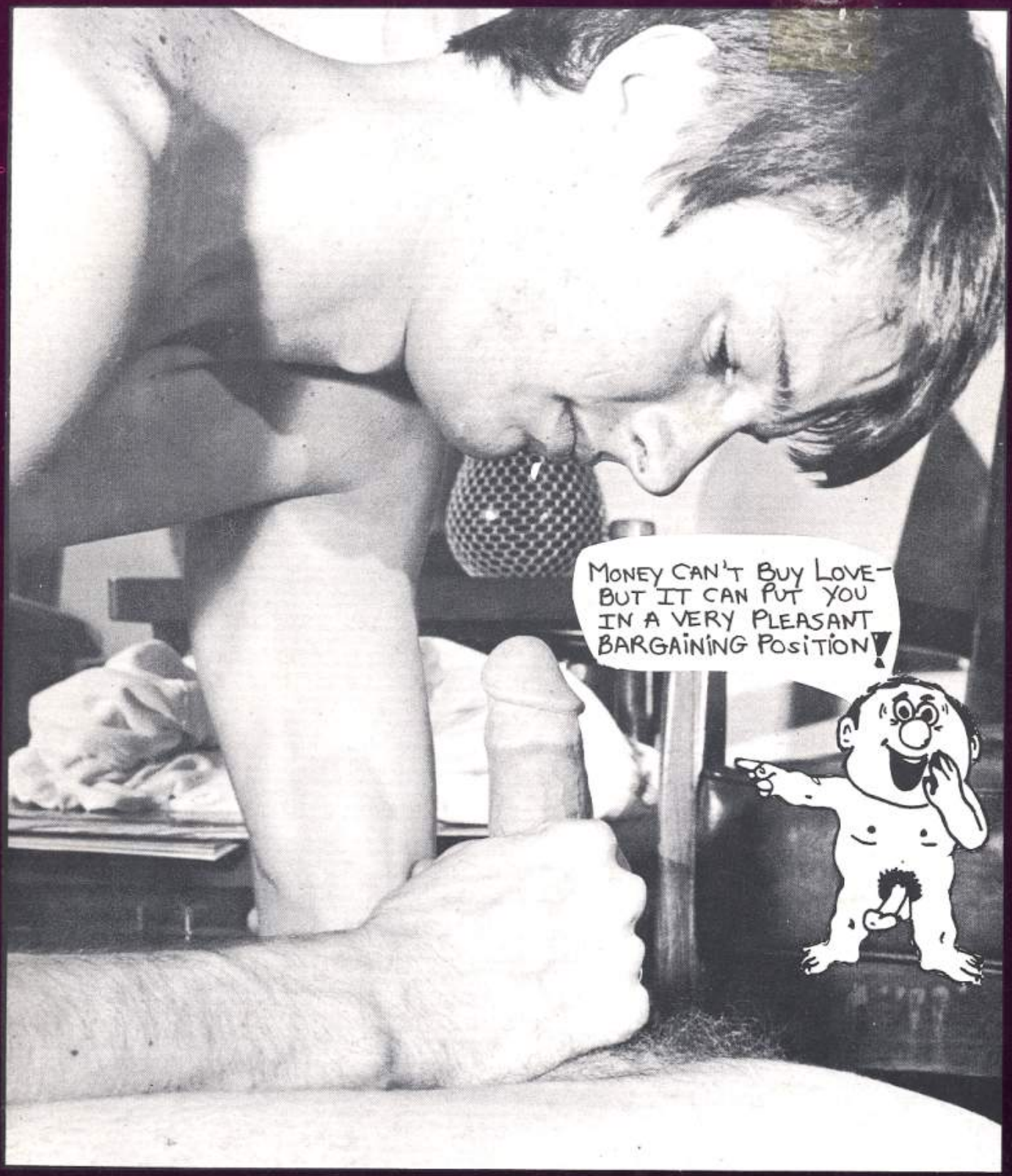
No.1

I"LL PAY by the INCH

6.00



I'LL PAY
by the
INCH
DEAN
NON-STRETCH WIRED
MADE IN ENGLAND

I'm a New York hustler, and my name is Tony Woods. My prick is probably more famous than I am. I'm in demand from Manhattan to Hoboken. I don't work through agents – I don't have to. All my clientele is through personal recommendation – and through personal, very personal, contact.

My clients pay by the inch – my cock is eleven and a quarter inches, fully erect, and a nice thick six inches around. I'm not only hard to beat, but hard to take, for most people. I've still got plenty of takers, though, and most of them come back for more. My clientele includes several women, but I prefer guys. There are less hassles, and I'll take tight, hot, asses to floppy cunts any day.

I'm a bike freak, and I zip around all over on my Honda, servicing six clients a day. But some of my clients get greedy and book me for half a day, or even a whole night on occassion. That comes at a much higher price, naturally, but I am hard to beat.

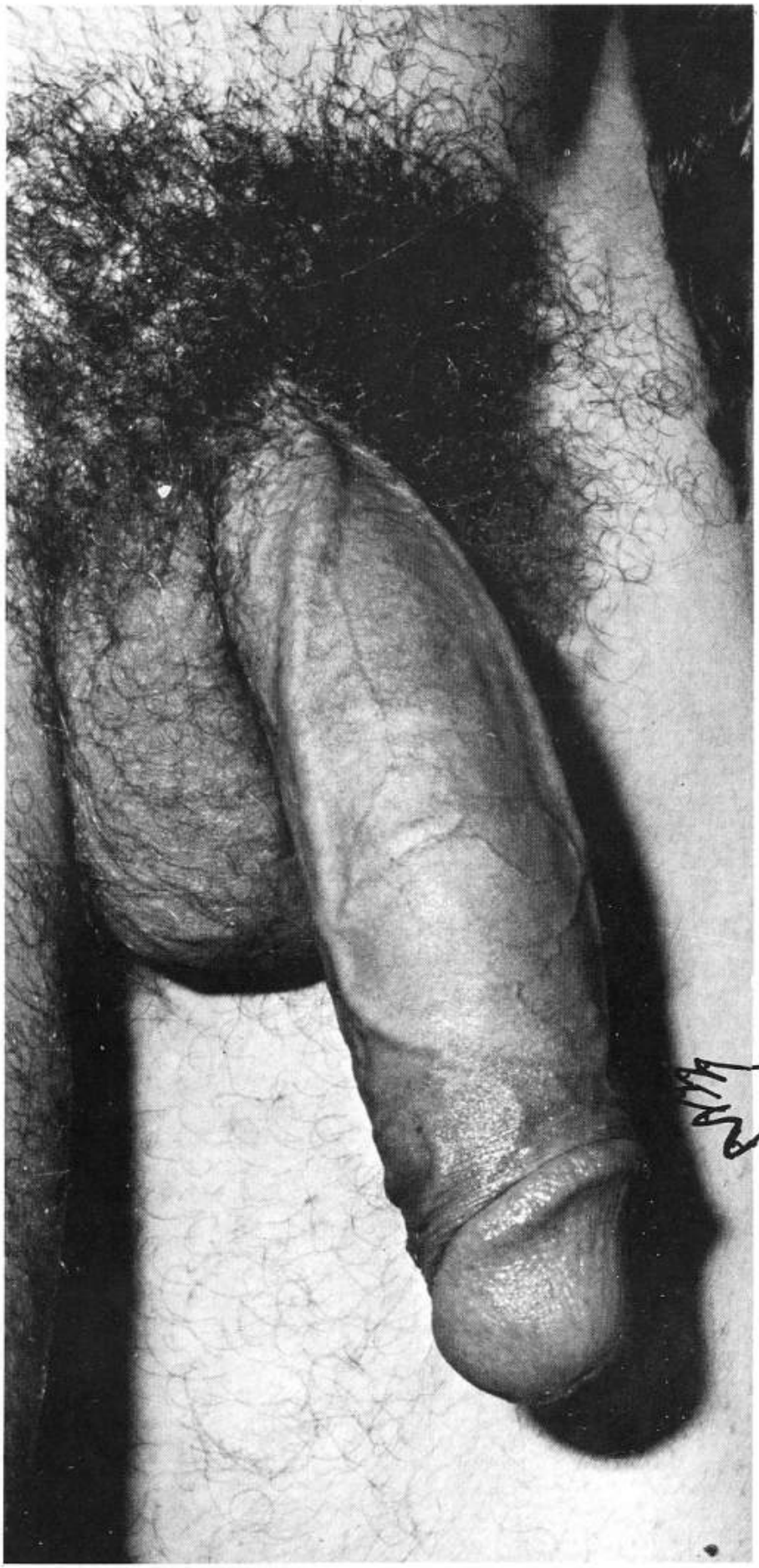
I'm not stingy with my tool either. I love sex, or I wouldn't be in this business, and occassionally I'll pick up a likely bit of chicken and help break them in. It gives me a respite from the older guys I normally have to deal with.

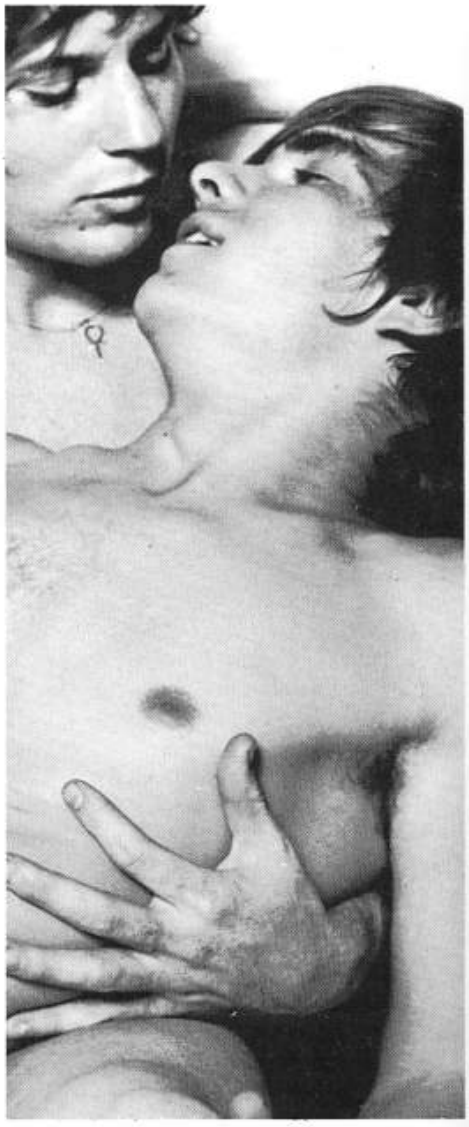
The other day I was whizzing home from an all-night job in the Village, when I spotted a cute bit of chicken, obviously a bit green and lost, thumbing a pick-up. His engaging good looks, along with the size of the bulge in his Levi's, assured me that I had to give this kid a ride – and more. I had to give him every inch of my rampantly-hard love.

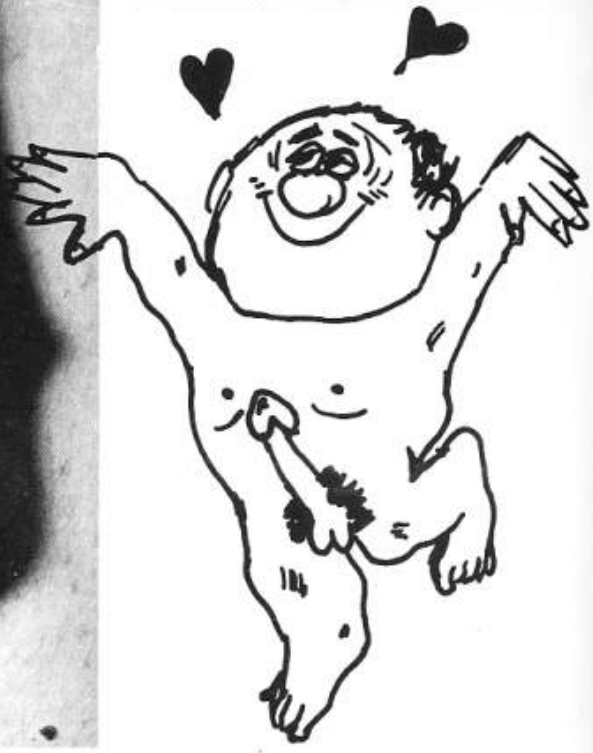
He looked really cute, and I'd had a pretty easy night with an older executive who everyone thinks is a butch. Actually, he's a finicky fairy who's almost past any form of sex.

Anyway, I decided to pick up the kid. I stopped and told him to hop on the back. I don't think he believed his luck.

He said his name was Lou, and that he'd only done it a couple of times before. He wasn't very talkative, but he held on like grim death and pressed my ass. It made me feel warm and







fatherly.

I decided not to take him up to my apartment. After all, he might start hanging around, and I didn't want any permanent non-paying guests. I drove into my garage and switched off. I closed the door behind us, and then sat on the bike.

"Well now, cutie pie," I said, "What way do you want to take it? Would you like it up the ass?"

He nodded, lowering his eyelids, in a pretense of bashfulness. I undid his pants for him, and pulled them down, as he sort of hummed to himself with excitement, and pressed back against me.

His ass was white and cute and I pushed him down over the seat of my bike, and started my probe of his divine little, almost virgin, hole. But, really, these kids nowadays are amazing. Nothing seems to hurt them. I'd grabbed a little grease off of the wheel of the bike and I slipped into him like a knife into margarine. His groans seemed to be of pleasure. He pushed that little hot ass back onto me and in no time I was slamming in and out like a pile-driver. Lou received my wet, warm erection with pleasure. He cried out as I pushed forward with a lunge, driving my cock deep inside.

Lou's cock was pointed down, and rubbed against the seat. With each movement of his lower torso, in rhythm to my fucking, the head of his cock was massaged by the leather covering the seat. The combined pleasure fore and aft threw him into a state of near delirium.

Lou's moans and groans, combined with the slapping of my groin pounding against his buttocks were all that could be heard in the quiet of the garage. My cock was rigid with pleasure. It moved in and out rapidly with long, meaningful strokes, probing and probing Lou's innards.

Lou started to moan and hiss, the tempo of his ass moving back and forth hastening to keep pace with my excitement, in anticipation of the impending climax. He moved his ass up and down faster faster and squeezed the muscles of his asshole against my peter. Excitedly, I responded by twist-

ing my lower torso in a circular pattern to further enhance our union.

I felt my cock inside him throb, the head palpitate, and I savored the pressures along the river of cum that I exploded into him. Lou moaned and sobbed in pleasure. His body trembled spasmodically and the cheeks of his ass pressed even closer together as he slowly moved it back and forth, urging out the cum that erupted in explosive bursts.

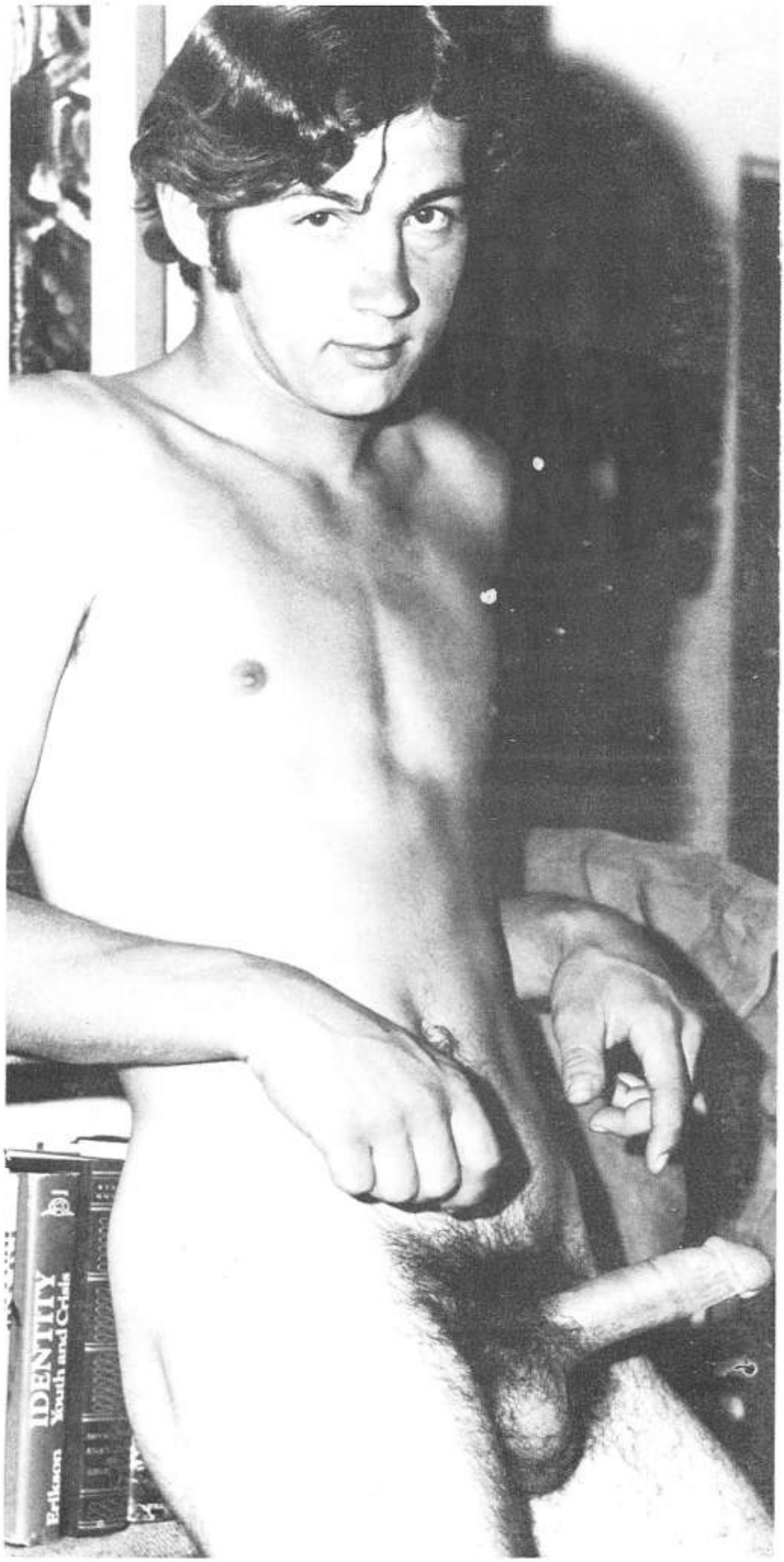
I stopped my motions, then pulled back slowly, sliding my dick out of Lou's port. Not contented, he turned to me and forced me to sit down. He wanted to lick me off and eat a load of my cum. I don't know where he learned, or who he'd been with, he was so new, but that boy was sure hot. He went down on my old pecker like a real pro.

He made me lie back on the saddle, and he really went to town. With fervor, he took my large cock into his mouth and sucked ravenously on the long, thick shaft. I bounced my ass up and down, sliding my meat in and out of that hot hungry mouth. My cock was buried deep into his mouth and I could feel the sensitive head poking the opening of his throat.

I stiffened and rammed in and out faster and faster until I shot a generous flow of fresh cum down that gobbling throat. He was a good kid, but I couldn't give him any more time. I had another client at 2 p.m. and I had to get some kip. I dropped him back to the corner and playfully admonished him not to do anything that I wouldn't enjoy. We had made quite a mess, and I had to wipe cum off of almost every part of the bike.

My 2 p.m. client was coming to my place. I don't normally encourage that, but I do have one or two wealthy out-of-towners that prefer to come here. If they're paying enough and they really can't have me at their place, it's better than knocking back business.

I mean, a lot of times a guy's married to some broad and he's looking for a real good piece of ass, but he has to slip around on her in order to get it. Other times, it's the case of a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It's more fun with someone else!

younger guy slipping around on his lover. And most of the time they have the money to do it on my time, which is the way I like it. I really dig sex, and I try to let all my people know it something terrible.

This particular client was a very attractive young guy. He was married, and one of the upper-crusty Palm Springs business set. He'd married strictly because of family pressure and attendant business mergers. His name was George Brady. You may not have seen him in the papers. He's wealthy enough that he doesn't need the social columns. Whenever he can, he flies up and has a special $300 session with me.

The really kinky thing about him is he prefers me to stay dressed and the more butch the better. I even put on a construction worker's helmet to aid his sexual fantasy. Not that he doesn't want my cock, mind you. But he likes to feel rough denim as well, and when they're willing to pay that much for a three-hour session, it's certainly okay by me.

This particular day was the first time that he'd been able to get away from home for three weeks and he was ready as hell. He chomped on my prick like there was no tomorrow. I forced my peter deep into George's mouth. He was ecstatic. He writhed and moaned. Gasping for air, his lips drooling with saliva, he relaxed his hold momentarily and my slippery shaft popped out to stand at attention.

Again he powered his lips over my hard shaft and feverishly sucked on it with long strokes. My torso was pulsating in rhythm. I couldn't contain my cum and he gagged and sobbed with pleasure as I shot into his throat.

He fought to take every drop and I held his head onto my rigid shaft. I forced the head of my dick deeper and deeper until he began to gag. As he fought for air, I lifted his head off my still stiff dick. He began to breathe harder and harder and again I shoved his hot mouth onto my probing rod.

I lifted his head again, and with his tongue he began to circle the head. I could hardly contain myself. I was still stiff and when his hot lips began to move up and down again I could

feel the hot fluid welling up within me. It had been a long time since I'd come twice in a row – within seconds of each other.

This trick was absolutely too much. I started spewing hot cum and he fought to catch every drop. Then he begged me to fuck him. He lay on his back with his legs over my shoulders and I could hardly do anything but oblige. I knelt down and slowly eased my cock toward the hairy port. George raised his head and shoulders as the large, round head pierced his small opening. I leaned forward forcing my cock in more deeply.

He groaned and wriggled pushing forward onto me. "Oh . . . it feels good . . . real good," he crooned.

I lunged forward and pushed my cock deep in and wrapped my arms around him. I pushed harder and deeper.

The quiet of the room was broken by the slapping of wet flesh and the sucking sounds of my cock sliding in and out. As the cum boiled up from my balls, I impaled him completely, my groin hard up against his twisting ass.

"Oh . . . ooooooooh . . . it feels good," he cooed. Just as I was about to spew I slowed down, attempting to make it as fine a fuck as ever he'd had.

I knew that I was getting my point across when he grabbed my buttocks and drew them to him sending my prick ever deeper.

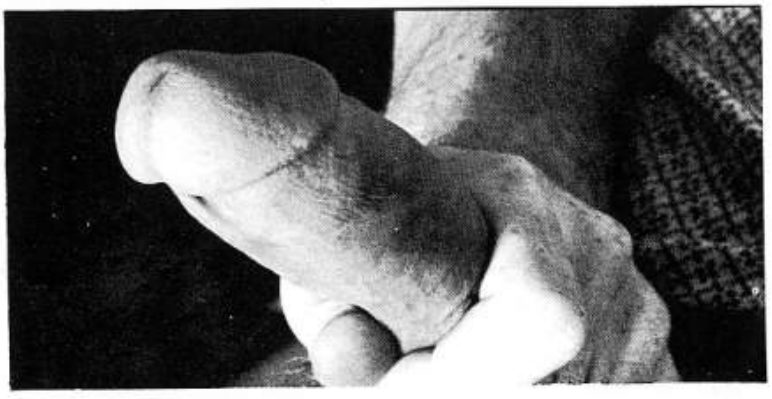
"Oh . . . I . . . can't take it any longer . . . please come . . . ohhhhh," he yelled. And I gave it all I had as he began to scream in ecstasy.

"You're wonderful . . . simply wonderful," he said. His eyes gazed into mine and I saw that look of love that comes so seldom. Really, it wasn't safe to go on gazing that way . . . I couldn't afford to get hung up with one guy, so I turned my head looking about the room. My eyes fell on a towel beside the bed and I began to wipe the perspiration from my forehead.

I began to pump again . . . slow at first . . . and then faster, ever faster. I drove it home with all I had and just as he began to gasp I spurted with everything I had.

He insisted on licking me clean

WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT'S NOT ENOUGH!



again, and inevitably I rose to the occassion again and gave him a belly full. I thought it rather silly to have him lick me clean since the towel was right there, but who was I to say no. After all, it's his time, I grinned to myself.

George hadn't been satisfied yet, and he was a good paying customer . . and the customer's always right, so I intended to see that he got everything he had coming.

He straddled me and lowered himself onto my cock, then slowly fucked himself, sliding up and down on my greasy pole. He really got excited and I played with his balls and milked him while he did it.

He shot all over me, but I got my own back. He wanted another fuck session, but I knew I had someone else coming soon, so I decided to play around some more, but hold back my load. First, he licked the end of my raw red prick.

His tongue tickled so good, and although I swore I wouldn't come again this session, he really got me excited and I felt like I couldn't wait until my next trick got here.

He lifted his hands and cupped my balls, carefully avoiding my eyes. His fingers fondled the insides of my nuts and then I felt the cum welling up again.

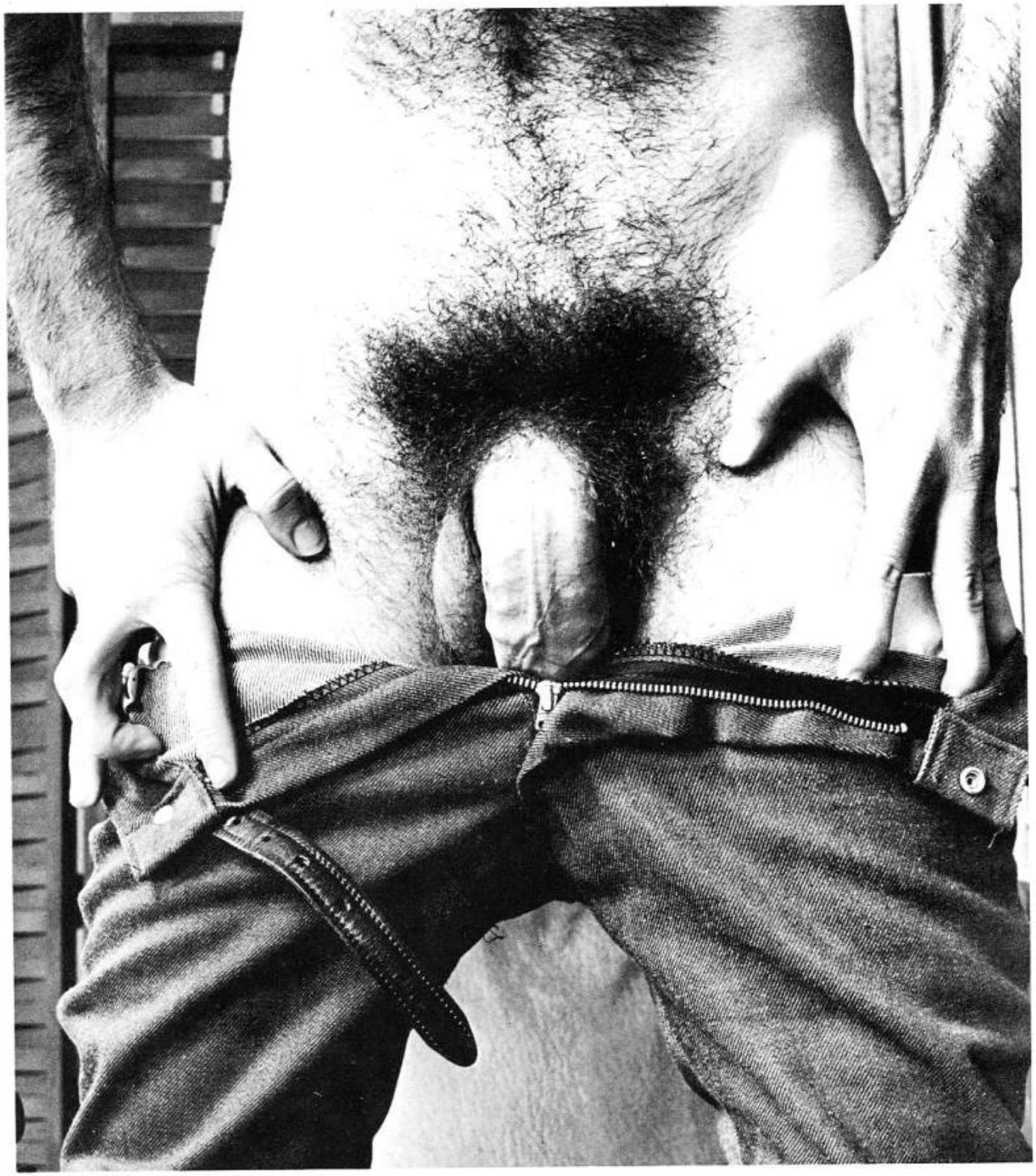
I glanced at George, and as our eyes met, I must've shot a gallon of cum all over his face.

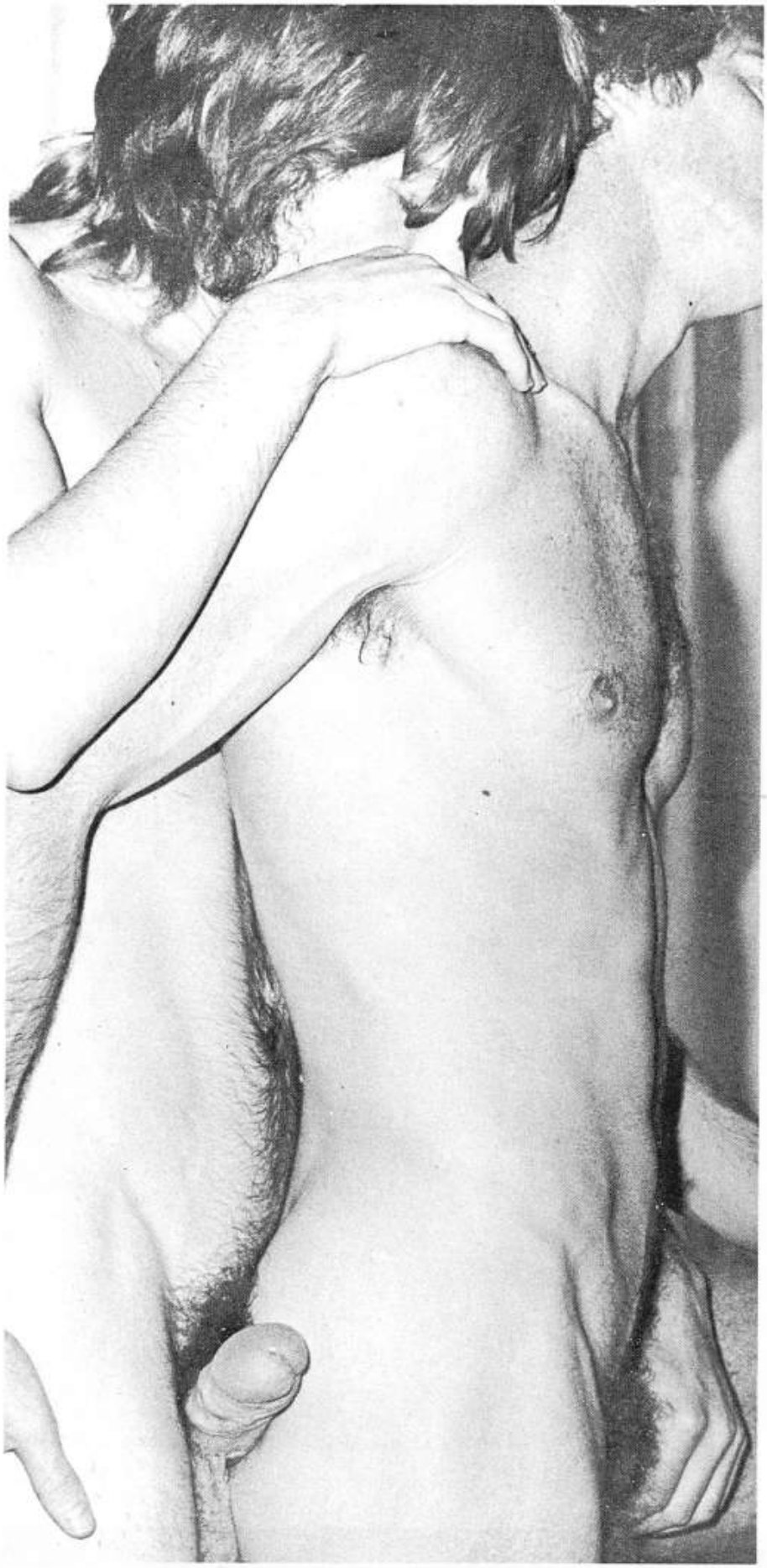
I almost laughed aloud as I looked at his cum-smeared face. He looked so cute. I knew I had to hurry so I hit him on the butt, and told him I was tired. As George left, I readied my bed because I knew I was in for a real workout soon.

My final session of the day was a frenzied one, but the guy is a big spender. He is a highly-paid entertainer from Las Vegas and he too likes the feel of denim. I tell you I've got some real kinky ones. This one's real name is Hank Molwick. Can you believe that?

Hank was really rather sweet in a very soft and kitteny way and he's not very demanding. He likes to pet and play almost as he enjoys being fucked.

"Kiss the head of it," I grunted.





"Put your gorgeous lips on it!" I commanded.

Hank complied and I could see tears welling up in the corner of his eyes. He opened his mouth wider and and let his lips encase the quivering head. He moved his tongue slowly around it. This was the very first time he'd been so willing. He must be horny tonight, I thought to myself.

The excitement in my chest roared into a flame. I could feel the sweat break out on my forehead.

"Eat it, dammit!" I commanded.

Hank raised his lips and shoved my prick deep into the caverns of his mouth. I knew he didn't care for sucking very much. He's always been afraid of hurting his throat. I guess we all have our hang-ups. Me, I'm always interested in lubricating my throat. I thrive on a high protein diet.

Hank doesn't even like grease up his ass. He thinks it might upset his complexion. But, he does slick me up with spit before he raises his legs and lets me explore his glory hole.

We had a nice long leisurely session. My long, hard cock, wettened with saliva, slid into his, far from virgin ass with ease.

Hank moaned in response to the invasion, but dug his fingers more deeply into the strewn-out bedclothes. He received my wet, warm erection with painful pleasure.

"You're too much," he snorted, gasping and wrapping his arms around me to support his position.

"You're fuckin' wild, man!"

He stiffened and kicked with each pulsation of my reddened, palpitating erection. As I produced a generous explosion of cum during a heated, mutual climax, he thrashed, twitched, and jerked.

As I withdrew, he relaxed back and then leaned forward to kiss the head of my peter and lick it clean. Then he wiped the beads of perspiration off his forehead and face with the corner of the sheet, and said, "Fuckin' wild man, what would I do without you! You really are hard to beat!"

"Oh man, suck it . . . yeah, that sure feels great!" The sensation in my cock was fantastic. The mouth that was wrapped around it had been slid-

ing up and down on my dick for about half an hour, and I don't know how many times since he'd begun, that I had come close to climax only to have him pull away and start tonguing my balls, licking my tits, armpits, kissing me, and then back again when he thought my peak had once again subsided. Down to the base where my cock, now rock hard and shaking and jerking, rose from a clump of light brown hair, all the way up to the head, now very much wet around the tip from pre-seminal jism, to the base again.

His mouth moved up and down, stopping midway to lick around the shaft, and then rise up just a little to tongue around the head, and at the sensitive spot just under the crown. I was going wild and beginning to breath hard again.

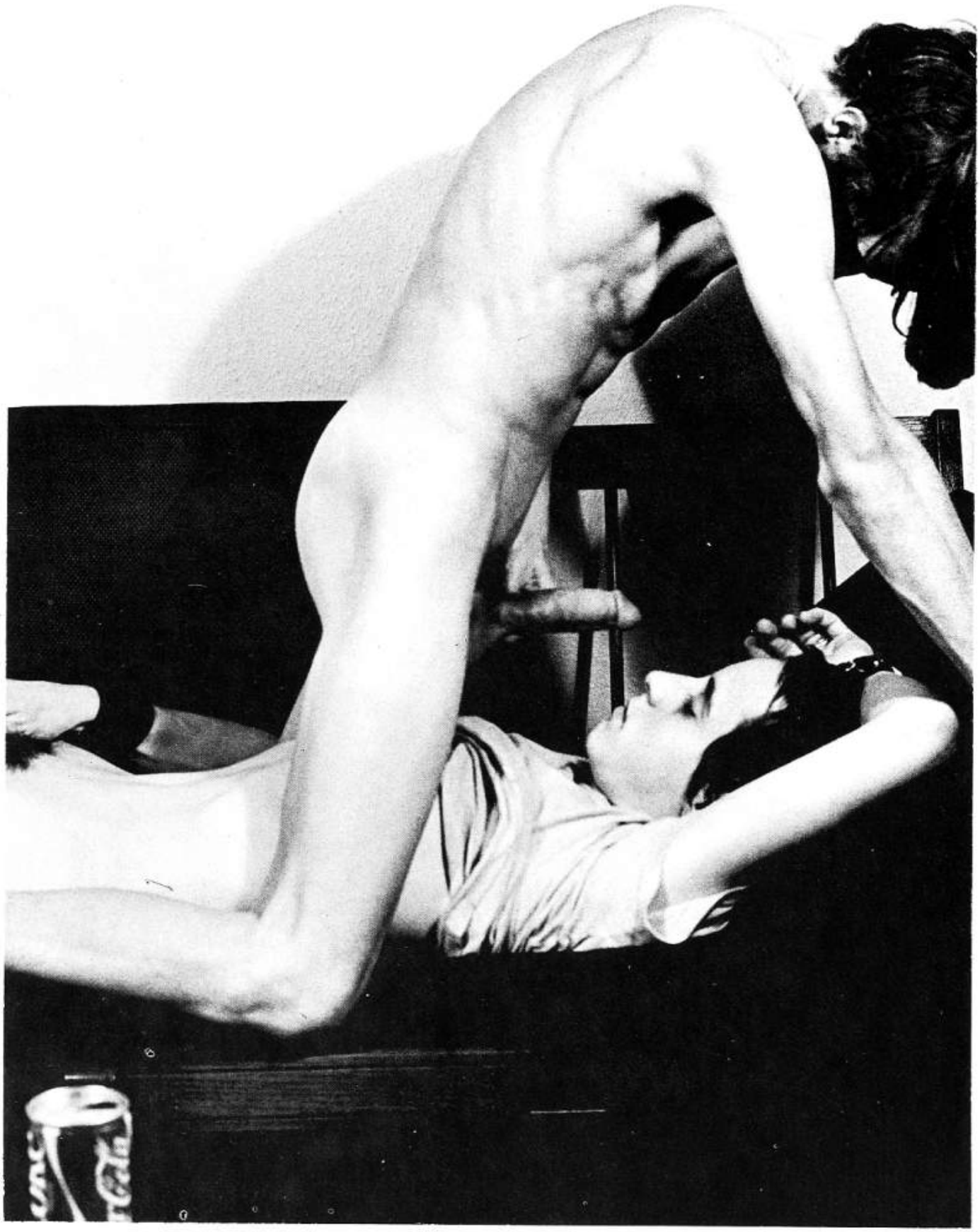
He slowed down; taking his mouth off of my cock he pulled himself up to meet me, face to face, and our lips met. I could feel his own rigid cock quivering against my balls, sliding up and down on the wetness he had made there. His cock slipped down in between my legs and he began to fuck me that way, all the time still kissing me.

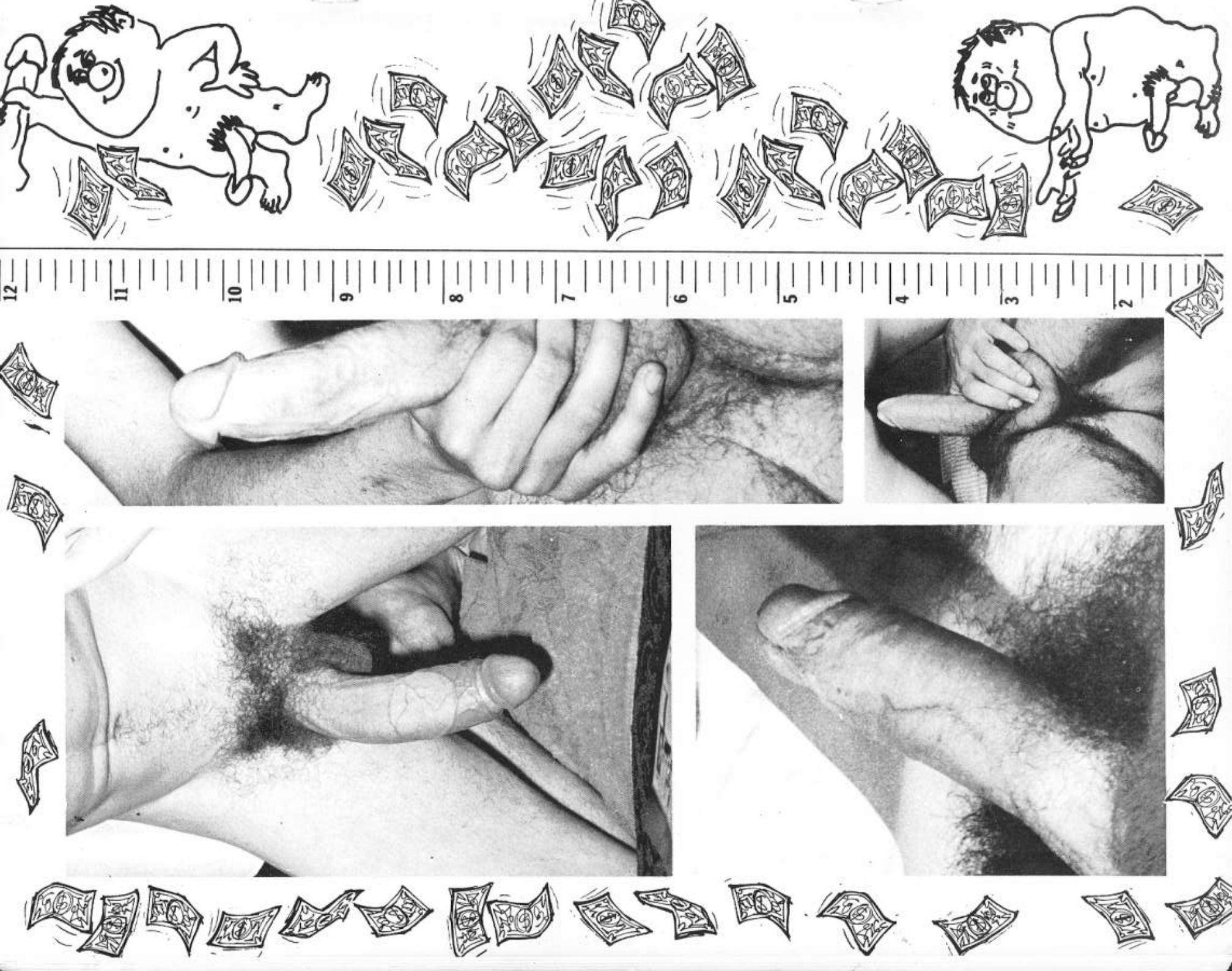
I let my fingers wander over his back in all directions, massaging him, trying to discover if there was any spot on his back that might be super sensitive to touch. It turned out that almost all of his back was sensitive. As we kissed, our bodies rubbing against each other, our cocks so well-lubricated, little growling sounds began to emit from his lips.

"Suck me some more, man, you really do it good. Better yet, let me suck you at the same time, how 'bout it?"

We pulled our lips apart and shifted our bodies around on the bed and took each other's cocks in our mouths. His cock, wet with saliva and sweat, and a little cum that seeped out of it while he was fucking me between the legs, tasted of man. It was an erotic scent that really excited me.

There we were sucking each other off, our heads bobbing in unison, sensitive to each others' need to cum, trying to keep the other from doing





just that, to hold off and increase the sensations.

I took my mouth off of his cock, and ran my tongue up and down the shaft and around the head. The veins were standing out from his dick, thick with blood, making the whole cock stiff and upright.

I tongued his cock, and then began to wet his balls with lots of spit, sliding them in and out of my mouth, rolling them around on my tongue, gently nibbling on the sac, pulling on the hair around them with my teeth.

I licked around his thighs and then lifted his leg and licked and tongued the little bridge that ran from his asshole to the base of his balls. I was becoming less aware of what he was doing to me, as I tryed to satisfy him in every way that I could.

Each time I would go back to sucking his cock, I would find a little drop of cum that had seeped out at the tip. I knew he was really hot and just about ready to fill my throat with a load. And I knew that when I finally came, from the workout he had given my cock, that it would be a big load he would be getting down his throat as well.

He was beginning to make little gurgling sounds, as he licked and sucked on my meat. In turn, I began to moan and groan to let him know that whenever he wanted to cum, I was also ready.

Our bodies began to hunch into each other's faces, our cocks submerging into the other's throat, and then rising up and out again. I took his balls into my fingers and began to knead and massage them in my hand. I found they were tightly wrapped into the base of his cock.

Sweat was pouring off of our bodies. We were beginning to fuck one another's mouths with a frenzy of grabbing at each other, pinching, rolling against each other, sucking, biting, and licking.

"Uhmmmm, uhnnnnow . . . now," I managed to mumble and my own voice was answered with a muttered "Uh huhhh," as we both furiously began to feel our loads spurt out into the other's waiting throat.

"Uhnnnn . . . ohhhh . . . aaaaagh."

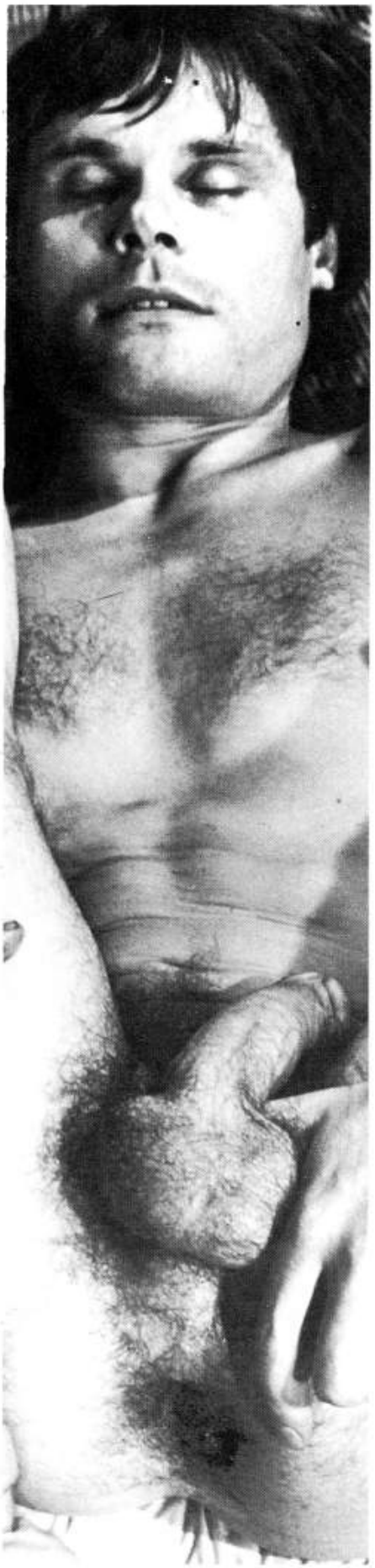
We groped at each other, pulling ourselves closer and closer together in order to let the sweet heady mixture rush into our throats. Our cocks thrust deep into the now heated hollows of our throats, excited even more by the cries and sounds of the other in a state of orgasm. Spurt after spurt of hot jism flooded down my throat and I tried unsuccessfully to capture all of it. It trickled out the sides of my mouth and down my cheek.

My own cum-filled dick was still jerking and sending liquid fire into his waiting throat as I felt his peak subside and he tried to maneuver his cock out of my mouth, because it was getting sensitive.

I was surprised to find that when I released the pressure, he left it in me. I licked the sensitive head and he moaned in agony, but he wouldn't pull it all the way out.

Meanwhile, my own cock had begun to go soft in his mouth, and he just let it sit there, not moving, or anything. It was a good feeling, my cock surrounded by hot wetness, jerking every now and then to make sure the last drop was out.

As we lay there, he looked up at me and said, "You're worth every inch!"



New York in January can be snowy and wet. Tonight was no exception. Add to that the fact that this was a Friday night, with everyone anxious to get home, the traffic was of course slowed down greatly by the rain, and there I was, huddled in my coat, trying to protect myself from the drizzle.

The wind moved the snow in crazy patterns, and there was really no way to protect myself. The others on the safety island with me either had umbrellas or were huddling together, trying to keep as dry as possible, bouncing from one leg to the other in an attempt to keep warm at the same time.

When the bus finally arrived, like so many cattle, we lunged for the entrance, practically trampling each other under foot to get in out of the wet and cold, where there was at least a semblance of comfort.

If you've ever lived in any large city, and ridden what so many of these municipalities call public transportation, then you know that people were packed into this bus like sardines in a can. At the moment it was almost more uncomfortable inside than it had been outside.

At least until I became aware of the damp smell of leather and felt fingers groping at my basket. I couldn't have been more surprised, but had I wanted to jump from the same, it would have been impossible.

There was nowhere to go, so I had to just stand there, my cock growing slowly from softness to full hardness. At least nobody could see what was happening, and I took comfort in that fact.

I looked about me, but in the sea of bodies, I wasn't sure which body was attached to the hand that now held my meat. The smell of wet leather continued to flay my nostrils and I found the entire situation, while somewhat confining, to be very erotic. My curiosity, like my cock, was now greatly aroused, and I shifted my body so that I could get a better look at the crowd about me.

I was standing in the middle of the aisle, one arm pinned at my side, the other reaching to the ceiling. I was holding on with the palm of my hand to keep from falling over on anyone, should we come to a rapid stop.

Looking about, I found nothing but women shoppers, and a few comparatively unattractive ribbon clerks. The hand that once held my cock so firmly now seemed to be struggling not to lose its grip, giving me the first clue that I was moving away, not towards, my aggressor.

I slowly shifted back towards the direction I had turned away from, to find myself once again firmly in the grip of someone's hand. Looking down I saw that the arm attached to the stranger's hand was encased in a leather sleeve. "Ah hah!" I thought, "now we're getting somewhere!"

With my free hand I took firm hold on the arm, to let him know that he had been discovered. There was no effort to pull away, so worming my hand through the crushing crowd about me and up the arm, I slowly shifted to where I found my hand holding firmly to the front of a leather jacket.

From there it was downhill, to take

into my hand a definitely firm cock, also encased in denim. It jumped in my hand, and felt good. Matter of fact, it felt damn good and I was now even more curious to find out what this person looked like.

My view was blocked by two people who I decided would have to be dealt with properly. So the next time the bus came to a sudden stop, I lunged between them and found myself face to face with this groovy looking blond guy, who looked at me somewhat sheepishly, and then broke out into a smile.

We didn't say anything, but the look of pleasure I shot him, and my holding on to his basket, assured him that my interest had not waned. We continued to stand there, holding on to each other's crotches, until we neared my stop, at which point I let go of his basket, turned to go to the exit door and tugged on the sleeve of his jacket. I didn't have time to see if he was following, but then when I felt his hand on my ass, I knew he was still there.

Stepping down out of the bus, I felt his hand on my shoulder. "Hi," he said, extending his hand. "I know we've met, but not formally. My name's Jim. You've got a nice length of meat there – I'll pay by the inch."

I smiled, saying, "That's fine with me, Jim. I'm Bruce. My place isn't too far from here." We ran through the snow to my home.

Once into the place I threw off my clothes and told him to do the same, laying them out on the floor in front of the fireplace. Throwing a log on and lighting it up, gave me a chance to look this guy over.

As the flames rose, the flickering light fell on his body creating shadows of interest. I walked towards him and pulled him to me, our wet hair dripping on each other's bodies. Standing with him in front of the fire, our cocks up against each other, our bodies confining them between us, taut against our stomachs.

Amidst caresses and kisses he fell to his knees and took my blood engorged dick into his mouth, first wetting it thoroughly with his spit. Fondling the balls while he examined with the tip of

his tongue, he searched out and licked every part of my cock and then when he had thoroughly wet my cock with his tongue he searched out my nuts and did the same to them.

He was squatting down on his haunches and I looked down to see that his own cock was fully erect and hanging straight out from his body. Lifting a foot off the floor, with my toe I touched it and it bounced in the air. Then I ran my foot over his cock and once again it throbbed and jerked at the touch. Squatting down to meet him face to face we kissed again, our hands holding our own cocks and jacking them off. I turned him around so I could see his ass.

The two orbs of his cheeks in this squatting position allowed me full access to see his hole, quivering between the two mounds of taut flesh. I spit in my hand and ran my palm over his asshole.

"Oooooh . . . do whatever you want with me . . . anything," he murmured.

"What?" I said, tauntingly.

"My body is yours. Do whatever you want with it . . ."

"Then get down on your hands and knees, 'cause I'm gonna fuck that tight hole of yours." And as if on command, he fell to the floor on his hands and knees, his cock dangling stiffly between his legs. I ran my finger up and down the crack and he quivered as I came to the hole and probed the inner recesses of his ass. He was tight and hot and I was determined to give him exactly what I thought he wanted.

I continued to probe his asshole, prodding my finger as deep as I could go, finding his prostate and rubbing it lightly, to which he responded with low moans, "Please, fuck me hard."

Spitting a gob of saliva into my hand I wet his asshole and then massaged my cock with what remained

in my hand. Then I placed my dick at the entrance to his hole, reached under with one hand and took his cock into my still wet hand and jacked it a couple of times.

When I saw that his hole twitched on the downstroke and not on the upstroke, I waited until an upstroke and with full force rammed into him. Our bodies fell to the floor, my cock firmly imbedded into his hole. "Ohh, take it out, take it out, it hurts!" he moaned.

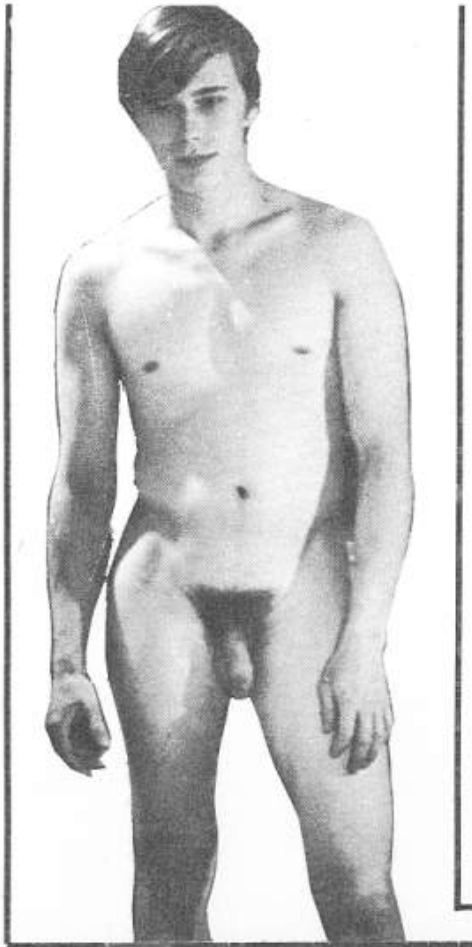
"Uh uh, baby, this is the way you dig it and this is the way you're gonna get it!" And I really let him have it with the fullest force I could muster. Realizing after a while that I was so close to cumming, I pulled out, my cock making a loud plopp as his ass clamped shut. He looked up in surprise at me and I ordered him to get back up on his knees and suck my dick, wet with the moistness in his asshole.

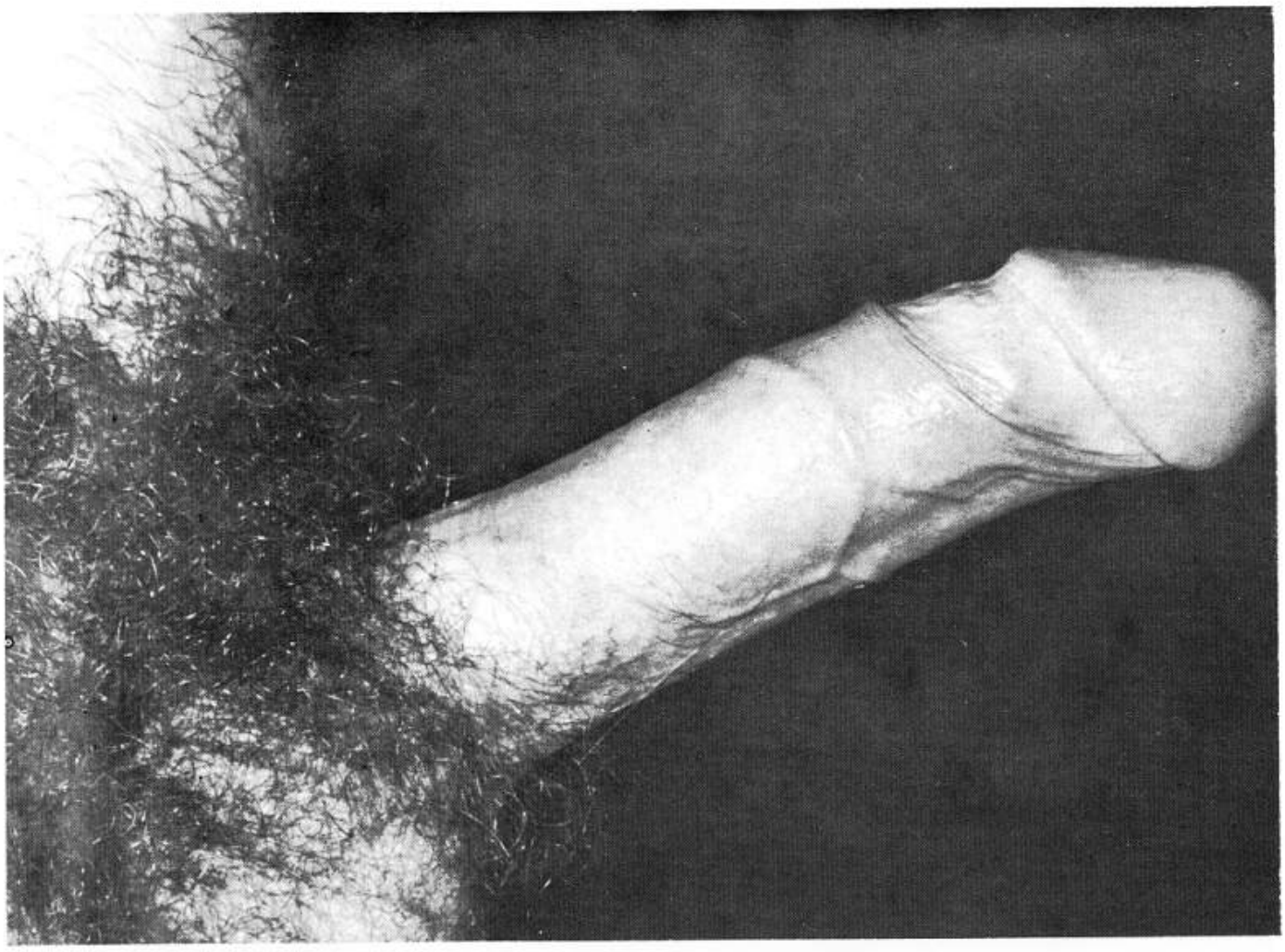
Taking my cock in his hand like a wild man he gobbled it into his mouth and sucked furiously upon it.

With our cocks still in each other's mouths and my teasing the tip of his dick with my tongue, we both began to get hard again. Clinging to one another in this manner, we once again began to suck, our flaccid meat coming to full hardness at the sensation.

I knew at the rate we were going, this night would be a good one, filled with sex, the way we both wanted it. I was going to keep this guy sucking on my cock and dangling on the end of it as long as I could, and fill him with as many loads of juice as I was able, making sure that for each time I came, he would. By morning we would both be thoroughly satiated.

He looked at me and said, "You're worth every inch!"





"Goddamn," I thought, "this is one helluva night to get stuck on an overcrowded streetcar. This thing is so stuffy I think I'm giddy!"

I was headed home from work. Fortunately for me, I get on at the start of the line and always get a seat. "If I had to stand in this crowd," I continued to muse, "I'd probably pass out."

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed a hand moving through the crowd at waist level. The arm behind it stopped and I thought to myself, "Somebody's either getting their pocket picked, or having fun."

When I didn't see the arm pull back immediately and a wallet or purse in the hand, I realized it was probably the latter, and craning my neck to see who the owner of the hand was, I saw it was a handsome red-haired guy. I was beginning to get a hard-on and my curiosity was really aroused to know who he was groping, but because the way we were all packed into the bus, I realized I'd probably never find out.

At the next stop the lady next to me at the window seat got off and I moved over to let someone else sit down. To my pleasant surprise this young, good-looking kid sits down next to me and immediately begins to rub his knee up against mine!

"Wow," I thought, "looks like this ride isn't gonna be wasted." Applying equal pressure to his leg, I let him know I dug him, too.

I opened the newspaper in my hand and spread it out in front of me as if I was reading it, covering our laps so that nobody else could see what was going on. When I did this his hand darted over to grope my leg and then run up the leg to feel my dick, which was growing by leaps and bounds.

I liked the way this guy wasn't wasting any time. He had a little black moustache, and I really groove on moustaches and beards, and a pair of very heavily-lidded sensuous eyes. On top of that he had this "Let's get it on together" look that I liked even better.

For once it seemed like the ride took no time whatsoever to get to my street. We both got up to get off, and he looked at me and I smiled at him. We lived in the same neighborhood! That was really great!

The doors opened and we got off. "C'mon to my place, man, I got a fireplace and it'll feel good on a night like this," he said. Then he grinned and said, "Don't worry, I'll pay by the inch!"

I smiled, saying, "If that's the case, start counting, baby! I've got it nice and thick by the inch!"

We laughed, and turned and walked up the street together. Climbing the hill, we came to a small four-unit apartment building.

When we got into his apartment, he led me to his bedroom through a small hallway, the floor of which was lined

with candles flickering like little streetlights. Entering, he moved about the room lighting more on shelves, the mantlepiece, desk and endtables. The room took an eerie, but warm on atmosphere.

He leaned over and kissed me passionately, then stepped back to start removing his clothes. When we stood there completely naked I thought to myself, "Looks like I got what I wanted," as he said to me, "Yes, you've got it by the inch – just the way I like it!"

His body was firm, and he turned away from me to go to a little dresser drawer where he pulled out a little box and some cigarette papers.

Rolling a joint, he looked at me and smiled. I moved over to him and got on my knees next to where he sat on the edge of the bed, and put an arm around him. Lighting up, he took a puff, and then offered it to me.

"Good stuff," I said, returning it to him after taking a long puff. The warmth of the room invaded my body and I reached to grasp his cock in my hand. Simultaneously, while he took another drag on the joint, he did the same.

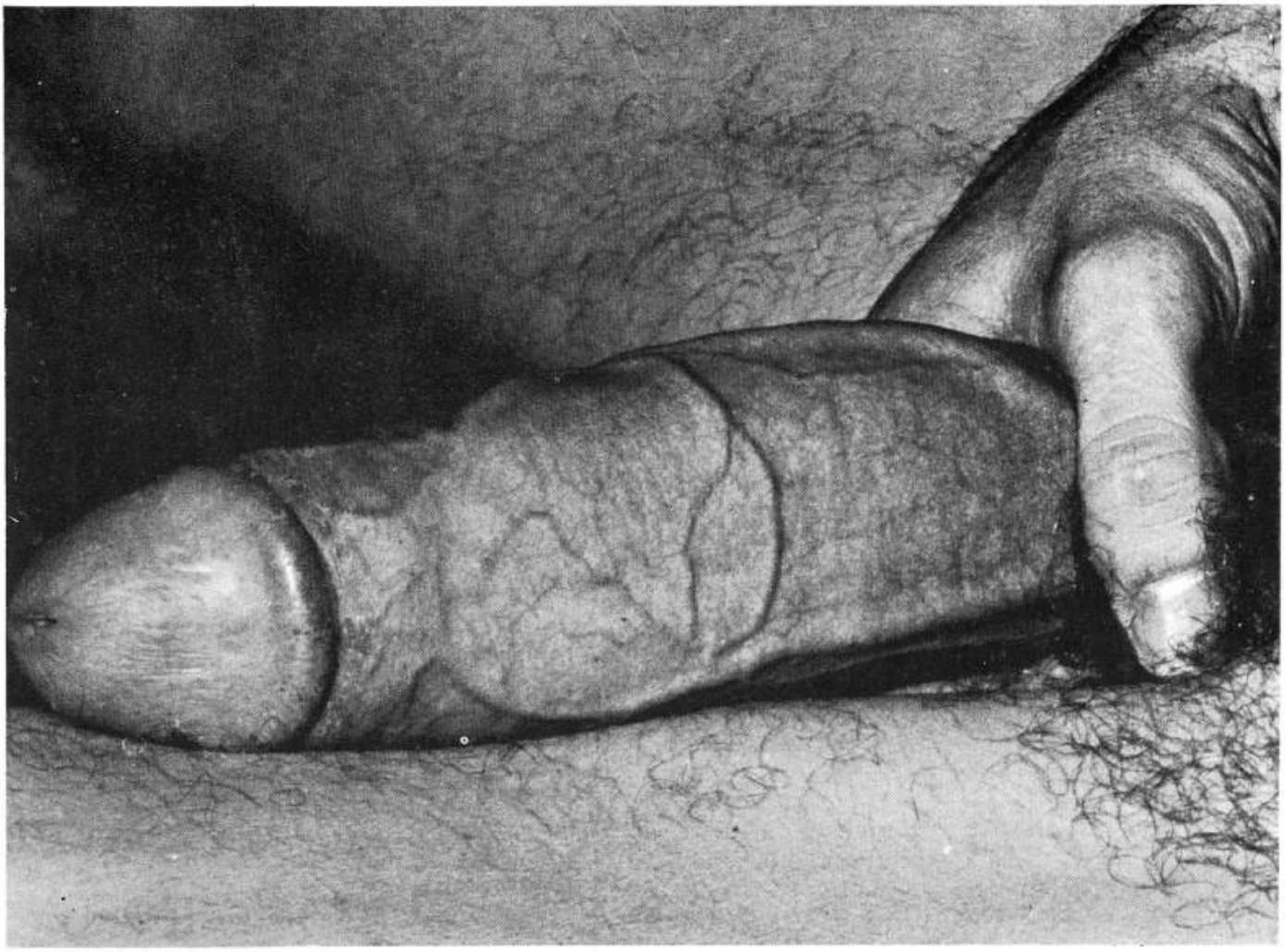
Facing each other in this manner, we stared into each other's faces – desire and gentleness was evident on his. I imagined he could see little more than lust on mine, but then he put his hand on my cheek and drew me near to him. We kissed, a long, passionate kiss. Swirling our wet tongues about in each others' mouths, our breath began to grow deeper as we held onto each other.

Holding each other close like this made me feel very romantic. His gentleness, no doubt partially inspired by the grass, made me feel very mellow and I decided to let him run the show. I would merely hope to satisfy him tonight.

He stood up and stood over me, letting me get a good look at him. In turn, he was running his eyes over my body, up and down, coming to stop at the junction of my legs. My cock was standing upright, taking into my vision his body: soft skin, taut over a firm frame. My own somewhat similar, but a little thinner.

"Enough of this shit," I thought. "Let's get down to some brass tacks," and I raised up on the bed and pulled him down on top of me. We held each other and I ran my hand down his back to feel his ass. Two firm and sensuous orbs greeted my hand and I kneaded them firmly in my grasp. Then I ran my finger up and down the crack until I found his asshole. He pulled himself closer to me and spread his legs. "Oh ho, he digs getting it up the ass. Well good," I said to myself, "That's just what I feel like doing right now!"

I turned him over on the bed, and proceeded to run my tongue all over his neck and shoulders. Glancing down



every now and then to look at his ass, I massaged his shoulders and arms as I tongued his back, running my tongue around, in and out of his armpits, up and down his spine, to finally make swirling circles on his lower back and then, when his ass began to rise up in a pleading manner, down over his buns and into the crack.

"Mmmmmm, I dig that, man. Oh yeah!"

His asshole was just begging to get fucked and I ran my tongue up and down the crack, seeking out the tiny opening, which clenched when I put my tongue up against it.

"Open it up babe. Let me taste that sweet hole of yours." His asshole replied by raising up to meet my tongue, relaxing enough for me to prod my way into his body. I buried myself as deeply as I could go, as gently as possible, and stopped to allow him to get used to the feeling of my cock inside his asshole, which now clamped tightly upon my dick.

"Wait a minute, let me sit on it and get snug and used to it, okay?"

"Yeah," I reply, and amidst much shifting around on the bed we re-arrange ourselves so that he is sitting up on my shaft, and begins to rise up and down on it with slow, teasing strokes.

At the same time, he began to run his arms over my chest and stomach and I in turn begin to fondle, caress, and lightly pinch his tits. The effect of this is to cause him to relax his asshole even more and I can get into him even deeper now that his mind is on his nipples, which are getting harder as I play with them.

"That feels great, really great," I tell him, as he rides up and down on my turgid meat. His asshole clenches and unclenches, but he really relaxes each time I pinch a nipple.

"Mmm, oh yeah, it feels good," he mumbles, his eyes beginning to glaze over. Spitting in my hand, I take hold of his cock and begin to work my hand up and down the shaft. His dick is stiff as a pole and when I run my finger over the tip, I find it's wet, dripping a thin thread of jism down onto my belly.

I rub my hand over it and lick it

off my fingers. This seems to really turn him on and he puts a couple of fingers into my mouth and pulls them out again and sucks on them.

"I got something better than that for you to suck on baby," and I pull him up off my cock and he dives down to bury my cock to the hilt into his hot mouth.

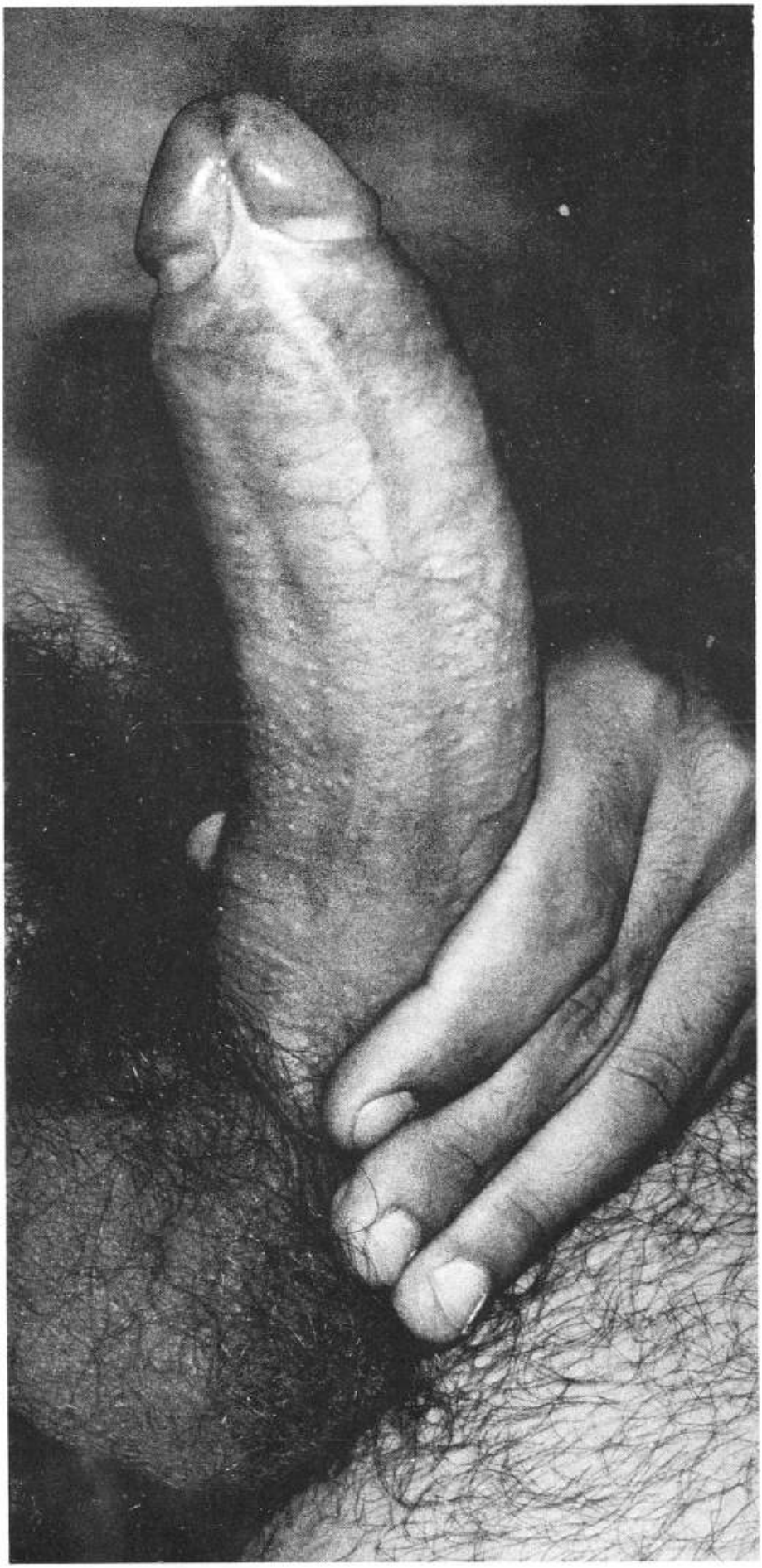
Deep in his mouth, I can feel the throat muscles being invaded and when the head, s sensitive as it is, feels the muscles w.ap around it, I start to cum a little. "Oh, stop, stop!" I cry. "Don't make me cum so soon!"

Whereupon he pulls his mouth off my cock and slides up to my face where we kiss and I can taste the taste of his asshole and my cum blended with his own sweetness. His mouth is warm and our tongues engage each other in a mock battle.

He pulls away and spits in his hand and begins to jack my cock off. I, in turn, do the same for him, and once again we kiss, our hands maneuvering each other into a state of arousal. I am getting hotter and hotter, and by the sensations of his cock in my hand, I can tell he is too.

I reached up and began to play with his nipples once again. At that, his began to breathe deeper, making little "oooooh" sounds, until with a gasp, he grits his teeth and shouts, "NO-OOOOOOOOOH! NOW!"

There's nothing like a very satisfied customer!



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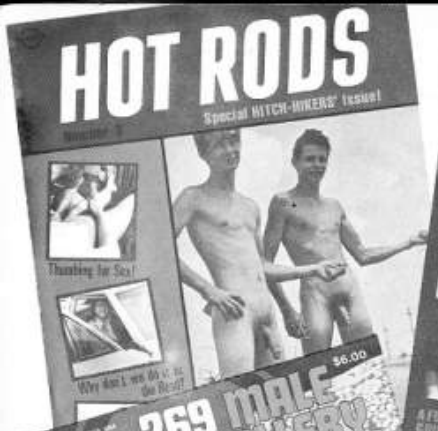

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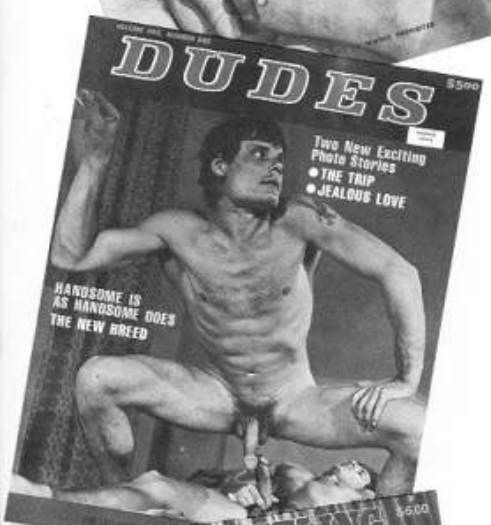

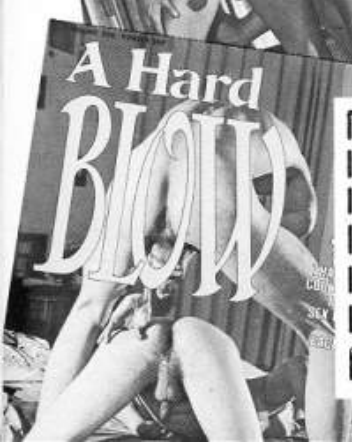

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